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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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THE FORCE OF CREATIVE IDEAS

[**Rodolphe Louis Megroz,** poet, critic and biographer, pins his hopes for the emergence of a sane world from the present welter upon the invincibility of the enduring values and of vital thought. He does well to stress, in this significant article, the individual's responsibility. The dependence of governmental regeneration upon "a noble intelligence in the governed" is too often overlooked in the yearning and the clamour for a better world. A regenerate world is a world of regenerate men.—ED.]

Much of the material world has been wrecked and ruined in our generation and frightful deeds on a scale never before paralleled have borne witness to the truth of Robert Burns's vivid phrase—"Man's inhumanity to man." The vast waste of matter and the deep shame of spirit have become symptoms of human society's maladjustment to eternal laws; but it is most important to remember the implication of that word "inhumanity" and to avoid the sedulously repeated error that all the evils of the world are simply an expression of human nature. This is a morally defeatist attitude which we ought to combat in the cause of true reconstruction, for such ideas encourage inertia or actively wrong tendencies. To say that it is "human nature" to engage in wars today is a patent lie. All but those with exceptionally perverted minds want peace and stability in human affairs. It can be shown how the causes of modern wars lie in muddled thought and feeling due to misdirection of public attention by the propaganda of self-interested groups who are often blinded by cupidity even to their own narrow interests.

Certainly the sages and the creative artists of all ages are better mirrors of the enduring qualities in human nature than the chiefs of politico-economic power groups. One cannot avoid thinking of the perverted mentality of those powerful men who would not hesitate, as they have done before, to destroy again valuable stocks of commodities badly needed

by the peoples of the world. This and other antisocial waste, such as the urgent production of excessive supplies of non-essential goods by competing groups, is all done in the cause of what is falsely named "private enterprise." Such stupidities must be defeated by a stronger and more wide-spread insistence on spiritual values, which necessarily express the fundamental beliefs of man. So long as former errors are not repeated, of disassociating the spiritual from the material welfare of mankind, the battle for a sane world—a more significant battle than any fought with explosives and fire—can be won by this and the coming generation.

Think how the real human values persist even through an epoch of holocaust and degradation. All men desire, or aspire to, similar experiences. These experiences are essentially spiritual, although a human being may only arrive at their fulfilment by beginning with the sensory response to our beautiful external world that is but the veil to a more beautiful reality. Think how the ideas of love, truth, mystery, solitude, adoration, or aspects of non-human nature such as a garden, a mountain, or the sea, transcend the boundaries of national cultures and languages, though each may take on a distinctive local aura. Such ideas are not insubstantial or trivial things but are reflections of realities which nourish human nature as truly as milk nourishes a baby.

The world needs regeneration: it always has. The very hopeful aspect of the situation today is that creative ideas are circulating more rapidly, and that a far greater number of fundamentally well-intentioned people are prepared to harken to the voices of wisdom and to apply lessons that have been learnt in the costly school of experience. Just as the good citizen in a democracy must actively contribute to the moral progress of his community, so no member of a church can claim to be religious if he thinks that he has done his part in the regeneration of society by attending church ceremonies and paying money to the institution which provides the soothing ceremonies.

The free propaganda of ideas makes the poet, and indeed all writers worth their salt, share in the responsibility which, in Europe, was once arrogated to itself alone by the Church of Rome. One day last summer, in my house in London, between two "alerts" sounded for flying bombs I turned on the radio set and by chance heard part of a pre-war play of society manners, *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* by Frederick Lonsdale. It was a sharp contrast with the prevailing mood in the summer of 1944. There was particularly, in the lines I listened to, a reminder that it was fashionable once for smart playwrights to amuse audiences with a flippant and superficial picture of petty immoralities—at least if the immoralities of the chief characters were often far from petty in essence, they were made to

take on a merely amusing aspect, to share in the pettiness of the cardboard figures that passed as the dramatist's or the novelist's characters. In that particular play, "Charles," the young man who is a crook—polite blackmailer and burglar type—calmly tells his drawing-room audience that he took up his "career" because of the dulness of life. And his victim, Lord Hillingdon (in a club-man to club-man sort of conversation) agrees with him that such a course was very understandable. All that portion of society in the Western world which provided the demand for this kind of drama or fiction (and much of it was on a far lower level of triviality and falseness) must have been mentally and emotionally moribund, not of necessity, but through prolonged blindness to the real values of life.

It should not require a world war to bring home to people the value of the simple enduring things, or the inexhaustible excitement and beauty of life when we do not thwart it. But there was, long before the war again broke out, a strong stream of vital ideas coursing through the strained social fabrics of the world, and the character of post-war climax to so much conflict and destruction is going to be the fateful consequence of the mental fight that has gone on ceaselessly all the time. Not only the cloistered poet but also the more accessible fiction writer as well as the philosophical essayist is willy-nilly in this world-wide movement, helping or hindering the spreading light. I can think of no better example of a good novelist who is consciously and artistically something more than the story-teller in this sense than the late L. H. Myers. His group of stories set in sixteenth-century India, *The Near and the Far* (including "The Root and the Flower" and "The Pool of Vishnu") show that he was none-the-less master of the novelist's art by exercising also a noble and intense mind on the problems of human destiny. The means for disseminating ideas are so plentiful and effective today that their influence in even the most secular books must be enhanced.

False ideas also can circulate easily today but that should be a stimulus to those who realise the superior potency of truth. We need, all of us, to go to school again but in a new sense, for after all education is, in respect of the individual, the removal of obstacles to full development, and, in respect of the nation, the improvement of each generation over the preceding one. *In respect of the human race as a whole, the most urgent educational step is to realise the brotherhood of man.* Certainly no League of Nations or other great Council alone can establish peace until the spirit of kindness lives in the intelligence as well as in the universal heart of common men. The morality of every institution is always lower than that of the private individual, and if governments are to be spiritually purged, as they must be to achieve the better world we aim at, the change must spring from

a noble intelligence in the governed.

Merely to state the essential conditions is to stress how far we have to travel yet and how sustained must be our mental fight. Yet we may feel reassured by the wisdom of the ages, which harps on the same unchanging themes. The fundamental truth of all religions is that each soul has a kingly inheritance to the universe. There are no external bounds to the infinity in each one of us; the restrictions holding us back here, we and our neighbours have made; they are, in the things that matter most, removable. The Irish poet-mystic A. E. wrote truly:

> The religion which does not cry out: "I am today verifiable as that water wets or that fire burns. Test me that ye become as gods." Mistrust it.

Any danger of misconstruing this ideal can be removed by remembering Boethius: "He will never go to heaven who is content to go alone."

While it is in moments of spiritual solitude that we may best regain a lost contact with the intuitive conviction of reality, this warning against egoism is never superfluous. The power derived from a lonely apprehension of eternal laws must be employed to unselfish ends if we would not build ourselves a hell with it, and hell is, after all, only a truth seen too late. This can be applied to communities as well as to individuals, though it is the individual who is the foundation of our world, good or bad. Mankind consists of the individual multiplied, and its character is the result of mixing together the qualities of individuals and creating thereby a larger entity with enormous capacity for responding to ideas. If there is deep truth in John Keats's remark in a letter, that this world is "a vale of soul-making," the converse must be equally true, that this world is the creation of the souls in it.

Aristotle defined happiness as an exercise of the soul; certain it is that happiness cannot be conquered by illicit means or retained by an egoist, and as for the application of this to the majestic progress of the human race, we may turn to the Christian Jacob Boehme:—

> Creation was the act of the Father; the incarnation that of the Son; while the end of the world will be brought about through the operation of the Holy Ghost.

Even through a clumsy translation a revealing light shines from this statement of belief in the divine source of all that we can be and know. A divinity to which we must return, not easily but strenuously. Man has always known, dimly if not with the power of the greatest seers, his nature and destiny. Emerson, as he so often does, seized the elusive truth in logical poetry, when he headed an essay on "Character" with this poem:—

> The sun set; but set not his hope:
> Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
> Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
> Deeper and older seemed his eye;
> And matched his sufferance sublime
> The taciturnity of time.

He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought back the Age of Gold again.

Perhaps never has the world of senseless facts grinned so cynically at wisdom as today, but it is equally true that never have men been more ready to externalise the inner light. Humanity will not, whatever happens, forget the lost Eden, but the brave hope of today is that it will more insistently seek out the light that shines ahead of much "sufferance sublime." All peoples have their stories of heaven and hell, and in essentials the stories are all one, the images they contain are shadows of eternal and universal truth.

R. L. MEGROZ

EDUCATION FOR RESPONSIBILITY

Man's threefold responsibility, to his own self, to the society of which he is a member and to humanity as a whole, and the need for a type of education that inculcated in the young the sense of such triple responsibility were stressed by Sir S. Radhakrishnan in his Convocation Address at the Patna University. While the first made necessary such education as would ensure a living and the second such as would bring civic consciousness, the third asked for a sense of spiritual values and direction, above one's own narrow self and the immediacies of social existence.

The tragedy of the contemporary world was the direct result of not one single nation's selfishness or greed but of the spiritual obtuseness of all. Those who believed that when Nazism was uprooted all would be well, were deliberately obscuring the truth from their eyes. Nazism was but a single eruption, pronounced and evident, of a deep-seated malady of the twentieth century. The loss of faith in the spiritual dignity and destiny of man had been cutting at the very roots of human unity and had been responsible for the many manifestations of disruption and disintegration. Sir Sarvepalli asked a very significant question :—

> If we can co-operate in the art of war, if peoples of different races and nations can work together in a fighting partnership, cannot we show the same spirit of co-operation and brotherhood in achieving tasks not less strenuous than those of the war ?

Surely, if mankind makes up its mind. But not until petty self-seeking of domineering nations under the camouflage of political new orders is given up. Not until the rights of all suppressed peoples of the world are recognised. In short, not until, in the words of Sir Sarvepalli, the brotherhood in arms develops into a brotherhood in peace. The insistence on holding our own can lead the post-war world nowhere unless the "our" becomes broad enough to encompass within itself the entirety of the human family.

LITERATURE AS A MORAL FORCE

The responsibility of the writer is well brought out here by **Prof. M. D. Altekar,** whose long familiarity with the Poet-Saints of Maharashtra, with their sturdy insistence upon moral values, has well equipped him to discuss this theme.—ED.]

We live in an age in which "Art for Art's Sake" finds favour with a number of people. According to them, all art, including literature, must please, must cause delight. They do not pause, however, to consider what artistic pleasure is. Is it the kind of pleasure that a greedy man experiences when he notices valuable things belonging to others? Is it the kind of pleasure that, in the famous Sanskrit drama *Mricchakatika*, Shakar experiences in looking at Vasantasena, or, in the same drama, Charudatta finds in meeting the same girl? It is not unlikely that these people who continuously talk of "Art for Art's Sake" are not fully aware of modern psychology and æsthetics. We hear it said that art must please, that it should not be confused with a motive, that it is only the inspiration of the artist, and that it is a revelation to the reader or to the spectator or to the listener, etc. This is a view we hear so often, that, by the very process of repetition, we almost come to believe in it without considering its logical consequences.

At the same time, we have been witnessing the amazing phenomenon that almost every form of art is being devoted to the service of propaganda—and propaganda almost always imposes restrictions on expression in all art, and, therefore, in literature, because what is called *belles lettres*, such as poetry, the drama and the novel, is art. The newspaper press, barring some honourable exceptions, has become a huge engine of propaganda in the hands of interested people, and the process is made easy by capitalistic adventure in that direction. The screen has been very directly made an instrument of propaganda, and in this way most of the art forms are being more and more utilised for this purpose. Education itself is being made a huge means of propaganda. All this propaganda, which is very akin to various regular tricks of advertisement, means restriction of the freedom of expression. Thus we have come to a pass where literature along with other art forms is produced with the motive of bringing profit and power to certain interested individuals, parties and groups. Under these circumstances, the formula "Art for Art's Sake" strikes one as a happy solution of these various difficulties. That is why the slogan becomes popular, even with people who are sane and cautious, and would ordinarily come to sound conclusions about most questions.

We must, therefore give a little closer attention to this, taking literature as our main theme for discussion, to find out what motives should be behind literature. Motiveless literature, or motiveless art, is an idea that can exist only in a complete vacuum and has no bearing on what may be called practical life. The discussion has become necessary since a portion of literature which some people believe to be not inclined to be favourable to moral good has been undoubtedly disturbing the peace of mind of many, call them orthodox if you will or reactionary even, if you please. Of course the question will be asked: is it the function of literature to wield a moral influence or is it its real function to give pleasure? We have found that literature, apart from giving pleasure, does exert some kind of influence; that is why it is being so widely used for the purposes of propaganda, and if this proposition is accepted, then, when literature does exercise influence, when it is a force and not merely entertaining, it stands to reason that it should be a force in the right direction rather than in the wrong.

Our discussion will yield, possibly, faithful results if we study a little carefully what have been the motives of great writers in all times and climes and what are the particular motives that appear to have influenced several writers of modern times, writers who profess to have been inspired by a new vision. Such a comparative study has become necessary since the last war and the seriousness of the situation has been enhanced by the present war. Values have undergone deep changes in these wars for the simple reason that man has to stand terrible strains and stresses in such times, and what man feels is reflected by poets or writers.

We have seen all these years that most Governments have been using literature and the screen for purposes of propaganda. This use of literature may be praised or condemned according to one's particular views. It is clear, however, that this use cannot be described legitimately as producing literature with a purpose, because that phrase always means and must mean literature with a sound purpose.

Now, the moment ordinary words are used in relation to a conflict among parties, the words lose their ordinary meanings and, in any case, lose their absolute meanings. The word liberty is being continuously used by the Allied Nations with a view to condemning the Axis nations. But the moment India is mentioned in connection with liberty, cautious politicians in Great Britain and in the U. S. A. (and all true politicians are cautious people) become silent or shake their heads and rub their noses. In talking of the Eastern problem or the Far Eastern problem they either forget all about India or they pretend to believe that India has been already granted freedom. So extremists in India get impatient and declare that the word

liberty has no meaning.

The point is that it is in this way that words are misused and it is good to remember that great literary persons all over the world have built up a science of using words very correctly. All literature should have that science as its basis and to follow that science is to aid literature to be a great moral force. Governments and politicians are no authority on literature but unfortunately they try to control it and obstruct it when it goes against them or exposes the mischief that they do. The poet speaks in a language that has to be understood, and there is a certain way to understand it. But the poet does not want to mislead; he is never ambiguous. Only you need to be intelligent and sympathetic. So we should look to what great masters have to say about the whole thing.

The opening stanza in the *Raghuvamsha*, the famous *mahakavya* of Kalidasa, contains a salute to the god Shiva and his consort, the beautiful Parvati. The poet compares the union of Shiva and Parvati to the union between the word and its meaning. Now the union between Shiva and Parvati—you will know all about it if you read the *Kumarasambhava*, another *mahakavya* of Kalidasa's—was the union of knowledge with beauty. Shiva represents knowledge, penance, self-discipline, power. Parvati represents beauty, innocence, a desire to reach greater heights, heights on which one like Shiva resides. The union between the word and its meaning must be, according to Kalidasa, a union between Shiva and Parvati, which means that the two elements that must be the basis of literature in its art forms like the drama, poetry, fiction etc., are beauty and power; and power includes knowledge because knowledge is power.

Literature, to be true literature, must be vital and, though it may be light, even light literature should not be trivial, common and cheap. To use a simile from medicine, literature should be full of vitamins. Vitamins are found in a number of common articles that we eat. So treatment of a common subject by a poet (the term poet is used here in its widest sense) becomes literature if he puts vitality into it and if thereby the vitality of the reader is improved, and such literature is said to exert great moral influence and becomes a great moral force. Do those writers who persistently indulge in themes of free-love and what they call new thought (which often hides only old vulgarities and old vagaries) make their readers better and stronger, less prone to temptation and more capable of resisting temptation? After all, self-control and proper control of egotism are the test of all vitality, and do those new writers teach men and women to pass that test?

That is the crux of the whole matter, and it is no use to talk about the work of instincts and the necessity to follow instincts, as a reply to that or a commentary on it. After all, man's victory over instincts is

the measure of his civilisation. Thus true literature inculcates goodness, soundness, vitality, self-control. As opposed to that, harmful literature injects morbidity into man's mind, and what is injected is generally what is in the mind of the writer.

Sincerity is the greatest possession of an author, and it is sincerity that makes an artist of him. And sincerity flows from the objectivity which is nothing other than what may be called disinterestedness. Objectivity is often opposed to subjectivity, but one may speak or write sincerely about oneself. One may, but, more often than not, one will not, and that is why true art is always, strictly speaking, objective. And when subjectivity is free from the vice of interestedness, it is really an objective outlook applied to one's self. That can be achieved but it is exceedingly rare and difficult of achievement.

Therefore, the rule to be laid down for an author is that he should be objective. If, for instance, Shakespeare had not been disinterested, if he had not been objective, his wonderful pen could not have described such different types of women as Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, Juliet; or such different types of men as Othello, King Lear, Hamlet, the Jew, Macbeth. What some of the writers of later days have overlooked is this supreme significance of disinterestedness or what is popularly known as objectivity, which is in truth sincerity. Opposed to that is not subjectivity but egotism which leads to morbidity and insincerity.

It is thus seen that literature is a moral force. That it is twisted by some and misused by others is no reason why we should reject all literature as propaganda or as a force that weakens the moral fibre. Protest against propaganda is quite legitimate because advertisement is not literature. So also protest against the doctrine that literature should have no motive is legitimate, because all authors who are considered to be great in different languages have not only given pleasure ; they also have combined with artistic expression the quality that uplifts the mind and rejects the trivial. This process of uplift is an indirect process and in some cases it is perceived only by the initiated. And the initiated are always few. This process of indirect expression is called *Vyanjana* or suggestion, in Sanskrit poetics. The motive in a fine literary piece is always suggested, scarcely ever directly expressed. The direct expression gives pleasure (that is why literature is an art form) while the suggestion, when you understand it, instructs, uplifts, ennobles, and raises the reader to higher altitudes. This quality of raising the reader to a higher level is an essential of all fine literature and it is the quality that makes it a potent moral force.

This quality of raising, uplifting, ennobling, can be achieved in whatever type of literary composition the writer may adopt. It may be realism or idealism, it may be actual description or imaginary delineation.

You may essay to depict the best in humanity or the worst ; this quality does not depend upon the writer's subject but depends upon his manner of writing. At the same time, though the writer may be objective, the quality of objectivity has its limits except in such masters as Kalidasa or Shakespeare of whose personal life we know next to nothing but of whom we know definitely that they do not inspire a wrong thought or encourage a wrong idea. They uphold the worthy and they come instinctively to conclusions which philosophers arrive at after great argument. To take one instance: Shakespeare does not inflict punishment on Iago, the villain in his well-known tragedy, *Othello*. The reader grows more and more angry with the villain as the drama progresses and at the end of the drama this supreme villain escapes scot-free. Shakespeare was a realist and he has depicted what often or even generally happens in life. Wicked people do go unpunished while many an innocent person suffers for no fault of his.

But nowhere do we find that the poet applauds the villainy. He condemns it at all stages and his reader or spectator learns to condemn it and not condone it as some choice modern writers try to do. The modern writer of this type pitches a tent of his own just here. He will try to make wrong look like right and will attribute everything either to environment or to instincts. He forgets usually that explanation may at most point out extenuating circumstances ; it can never excuse. This new writer will tell you that the wrong done was not wrong ; or that it was inevitable, and that in any case the doer of the wrong could not be held responsible for his action. He will go further and state that there are circumstances in which wrong inevitably happens ; therefore you must not look upon it as wrong ; it should be considered right. And thus a queer propaganda in aid of the wrong is set into motion and in time it assumes the rôle of a new morality.

All great literature has supported eternal verities which form the basis of all true morality and it is the privilege of all great writers to inculcate sound principles. Hundreds of examples can be culled from the works of great writers to show that they upheld certain ways of conduct and condemned certain others. What they condemned was the wrong principle and what they upheld was the right one. It is a very interesting study in literature to compare the ideas of poets and to find out the unanimity amongst them about certain basic ideas. That is a great subject by itself ; at this point we may withdraw from the discussion with a request to all writers of power to see to it that they produce literature that aids the moral and the spiritual forces of the world.

M. D. ALTEKAR

MY FRIEND THE CAMEL

[**Munir Abdallah Moyal** of Jaffa, Palestinian-born descendant of Turkish governors, holds a Ph. D. degree from the University of Aix-Marseilles. He has served as a French cavalry officer and is now correspondent for the Middle East of French North African newspapers. Animals are the mirrors of man in more senses than one, and Dr. Moyal's seeing in the patient camel the symbol of " millions of downtrodden, overworked and underfed human beasts of burden " is thought- and sympathy-provoking.—Ed.]

The most philosophical (though the most despised and slandered) animal in the world is the camel. To begin with, he has such a hatred for living that he remains for eleven months in his mother's womb, intuitively aware, no doubt, how miserable is this vale of tears. He looks always phlegmatic and absent-minded. He never loses his temper, even under the worst provocation. In moments of passion, when a stallion would be dangerous, he spends a quarter of an hour upon the she-camel, still with the far-away look in his eyes. His owner must rouse him with a clout of the club. The animal starts then, groans and returns to his eternal meditations until the next stroke.

I must admit that my friend is not particularly good-looking, with his triangular-shaped back, his long snake-like neck ending in such a microscopic head, his awkward and grotesque form similar to a diplodocus. His coat is tawny or buff, with shaggy hair ; to crown all, he has an obnoxious smell, for he is often mangy. No one understands him. No one notices that if a long procession of these huge animals is led by a single camel-boy on donkey-back this noble animal, who looks so passive and obedient, is really free under his heavy burden, free in his servitude as a thinker would be free, even in chains, even in gaol....

Like all misunderstood noble spirits, the camel utters loud protestations now and then against the ugliness of life and the stupidity of men. He indulges in machine-gun-like salvoes of moans and groans so human that they are heart-rending. He asks himself: " Who am I ? Whither am I going ? Why was I ever born ? Why is this pigmy my master ? " Of course no one understands him and a shower of blows is all the reward for this philosophical search for truth and his attempt to find his place and the place of others in this world.

The camel has little interest in worldly goods. He is not fastidious. On the contrary, he dislikes elaborate food such as barley, oats, hay or dates. He prefers the thorny bush, and the drier and the woodier it is the better he likes it. He is fond of the " hâd, " a ball-shaped shrub

growing in the desert, with a bitter taste, salty and aromatic at the same time. He also likes the "diss," a thin-stemmed, leathery, rough plant. He does not disdain boughs, leaves, or even prickly thorns as hard and sharp as nails, such as those of the mimosa and the gum-tree. He picks them with his leathery, pouting lips, which are as muscular and as sensitive as a hand or a trunk. He does not eat all the grasses of the desert. He dislikes some which would be a treat for sheep. Certain plants are poisonous to him. He disdains in summer what he likes in winter. He can submit to protracted fasting but he must have a drink every ten days in winter and every three days in summer. Then he needs a whole cistern for he can swallow a hundred litres at a draught. His hump is a reservoir of energy; he stores his fat in it. When he comes back from the pastures it invades his whole back, but the longer his journey the more it diminishes. It is a kind of manometer showing the pression. In bargaining for a camel, the purchaser first looks at his hump and then at his teeth; the former tells him how much work he can do, the latter his age.

The camel is subject to recurring calamities which he endures with great fortitude. Thus every year he contracts the mange. In this respect this otherwise inconsistent and whimsical creature is as regular as clockwork. He will die of it unless properly treated with àtran, a kind of vegetable tar. He may also die of the bites of the gadfly. When he is wounded, he cannot be treated by ordinary antiseptic methods, for the rankling sore would infect his whole body. His wound must be cauterized with a red-hot iron, but he is a stoic and bears it bravely. When his feet are worn out he does not need a farrier but a cobbler, for they are large, round and spongy, being intended for walking upon soft sand or smooth rocks. Thus they must not be shod in iron but patched with old leather.

My friend is a peculiarly Oriental animal. He cannot live long in stables. To keep fit he needs the wide open spaces of the desert, freedom, scorching heat by day, freezing cold by night, the sun, the wind and the sands. Only Orientals are good camel drivers. Instinctively they know how to treat the camel, how to cure him by non-scientific methods. They know which plants are good for him. They understand exactly how much work he can do. Like all Orientals, the camel is indolent by temperament. He is capable occasionally of excessive and protracted exertion, but he cannot do a fixed amount of work every day all the year round. For six months in the year he must graze, absolutely idle, in the pastures. When the French organised a camel corps to combat the plunderers of the Sahara Desert they regarded the camel as like any European animal, and treated him accordingly, locking him up in stables and feeding him on fodder. The result was a dreadful

hecatomb of camels, for they protested in the only way at their disposal: they died by the thousand! To police the desert the French were obliged to recruit tribesmen of the Sahara, the Chaambas, originating from ancient shepherds and warriors. Each has two service-camels; while one is on duty the other grazes in the pastures. That was the only way to introduce my friend into Occidental military life.

Now I must draw a distinction. My friend is the poor beast of burden, humble and philosophical, forsaken by Allah and by man. He walks slowly, at the rate of three and a half to four kilometres an hour. The Bedouins loathe him; they say that his heart is as black as tar and that he is as mischievous as the devil. They do not understand him. They reserve all their pride and love for his first cousin, the race-camel, a proud and arrogant animal called "hejin" in the Nedj and "mehari" in French North Africa. He is white and well cared for. His performances are grossly exaggerated. (As a general rule, one must take with a a pinch of salt what a fisherman says of his catch, a hunter of his bag, a cavalry officer of his horse, and a Bedouin of his race-camel.) The Bedouins call their meharis "acharis" derived from the word for ten. They mean that their camels can cover ten stretches, that is 250 kilometres, a day. It is only the Oriental imagination which can ascribe to the camel 700 different names and endearments. As far as I know, only one feat of exceptional speed and endurance was ever recorded and controlled: one Hadji Mohammed of Ouargla, a military messenger in the French Sahara, brought a letter to Touggourt (a distance of 170 kilometres) and returned the following evening with a sealed answer. Perhaps a gifted mehari or hejin could duplicate this performance, but afterwards he would be winded for many months or would have to be slaughtered. In the experience of old desert officers the mehari is capable of a daily non-stop speed of 90 kilometres during a long journey, and this only at the rate of sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

One can easily understand that when observing the camel. His body is like the bison's, heavy, almost of one piece, with nearly all its strength in the fore quarters. His hind quarters are comparatively atrophied and have nothing of the mighty muscle structure of the horse buttocks, so suitable for the sudden contraction of the jump and the gallop. Daddy-Long-Legs also, legs that are too long and frail for his bulk. Therefore as E. F. Gautier, a specialist to whom I am indebted for some of these observations, has observed, the camel's natural walk is in a straight line. Over long distances a mehari can walk an average of six kilometres an hour when hard-pressed; that is almost double the pace of his cousin. At a jog-trot, he can do nine to ten kilometres, but he cannot keep it up more than a few hours. He cannot gallop at

all; the formation of his hind quarters makes it almost impossible. After very hard and protracted training some meharis are taught to start at full gallop, like the horse, but it is easy to see that this pace is not natural. It is a broken, automatic and spasmodic movement, which they cannot maintain for more than a few kilometres.

The camel's fastest pace is the long-trot. It is the pace of the "fantasia," of the mad charge, of desperate flight, or of a messenger dashing to fulfil an urgent mission. To compel the animal to keep this pace, the rider must cultivate a rankling sore on the camel's neck and prick it ceaselessly. E. F. Gautier believes that if the long-trot is so hard on the rider, it is because it is unnatural to the animal. It is so jerky, violent and irregular that the rider is obliged to compress his stomach tightly with a wide girdle in order to bear it. This, I imagine, is the origin of the allegation of "camel-sickness," though this is far less acute than sea-sickness. At a walk or a jog-trot, camel-riding is far more comfortable than horse-riding. Instead of springing on the saddle there is a horizontal movement of swinging backwards and forwards. Upon a camel saddle ("rahla" in Arabic) the rider is seated as on a chair. There are no stirrups; the feet rest upon the neck of the animal. The feet should be bare or covered only with a light leather sole and two straps, one for the big toe and the other for the other four toes. These sandals are called "naoul." Shoes or boots would hurt the neck of the animal after a time. Therefore you cannot use your knees and thighs to keep your equilibrium; it is simply a question of balance. Unlike horsemanship, no training is required to ride a camel.

Once the eternal controversy broke out in a Damascus mess between cavalry and "camelry" officers: which is the swifter, the horse or the camel? Two champions were selected, the best animals from the Syrian desert, an Arab stallion named Pharek and a white hejin called El Bark (Lightning). The track was sandy but firm. For the first twelve kilometres Pharek was ahead, then he began to foam all over and became more and more tired, and for all his eagerness to keep ahead he was obliged to slow down, while Daddy-Long-Legs was still fresh and forging ahead in long strides. This test confirmed the theories of E. F. Gautier that the gallop is not the natural pace of the camel who is more at ease in the trot; and that in the long run his endless legs, almost twice the length of the horse's, give him the advantage.

Such is the camel. In the camel ranks there are proletarians and aristocrats, as in almost all human societies. But, if by chance you meet him, do not believe all that the Bedouins may tell you about him. Do not despise him; try to understand him. You will find that the most useful creatures are often

the most calumniated. You will learn from him a good deal about the Oriental soul, the mystery of millions of downtrodden, overworked and underfed human beasts of burden, who, for all that, are patient, resigned and fatalistic. Without being able to utter a word, they may teach you a great lesson: money is not all; above the God Dollar, there is internal freedom, and the inconscient asceticism of a soul which has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose and nothing to regret.

MUNIR ABDALLAH MOYAL

UNIVERSITIES AND UNEMPLOYMENT

The large amount of unemployment among our university graduates in normal times confirms the evidence of mass misery to the deplorable economic condition of India. Shri C. Rajagopalachari in his Convocation Address at the Nagpur University on the 25th November, reported in *The Hindu*, dealt with this problem among others. He cited the finding of the Sargent Committee that "the activities of our universities have not been duly related to the practical needs of the community as a whole." Is the distinctly bad employment showing due only to that? He quoted the estimate that out of every 100 graduates 20 are unemployed and only 30 have secured employment of a type commensurate with their abilities and with the time and money spent on their education.

These figures, standing alone, might carry the fantastic implication that India was over-educated. A disproportionate number of high-school students do go on to the universities as compared with other countries—1 in 3 in India and less than 1 in 7 in the West. But this means not too many in the universities but far too few in the high schools. Mute testimony to the numerical overweighting of the poorer classes at the expense of the middle classes which are the backbone of a sound economic order. India, Shri Rajagopalachari declared, is the most backward of all civilised nations in university education. He gave the ratios of students in the universities to total population: India, 1 to 2,206; Great Britain, 1 to 837; pre-war Germany, 1 to 690; Russia, 1 to 300; the U. S. A., 1 to 225. Consider the relatively short span of life in India, with its larger percentage of people of university age, and the disproportion becomes all the more glaring.

The cure for the maladjustment between graduates and openings for effective service is therefore not less university education but more education all along the line and, as Shri Rajagopalachari indicated, a radical overhauling of the country's economic structure and adequate national planning into which the university programme fits. Unemployment or unsuitable employment of university graduates is a waste no country can afford and, least of all, impoverished India.

THE MANICHÆANS: THEIR DOCTRINES AND PICTORIAL ARTS

[The approach of **Prof. O. C. Gangoly** to the subject of Mani and his creed is that of the connoisseur. It is not the uniqueness claimed for part of Mani's message that will commend it to the thinker, but the elements of universal truth that it contained and by virtue of which it survived for many centuries. The ancients generally recognised that nothing could be held in human memory without some symbol to preserve it. It is unusual, however, as Professor Gangoly points out, to find the promulgator of a creed himself invoking art to aid its spread, as Mani did. The spread of dogma may be furthered at the outset with the aid of art, but universal symbols will, as Professor Gangoly well brings out, outlast the creedal formulation. More, they must break at last the dogma which distorts the truth that they enshrine.—ED.]

In many cycles of culture, pictorial art is found intimately associated with religious doctrines, but in most cases the pictorial patterns and formulæ develop long after the birth of the doctrines and tenets of religion, and the application to or service of art comes considerably after the religious faith has taken root. Manichæism, or the religion preached by Mani or Manes, is a singular exception in which a new doctrine comes to birth with a ready-made, full-fledged pictorial form to furnish an effective medium for propagation of the new form of faith.

During the early days of the Sassanian Empire, Zoroastrianism, Christianity (with its many Gnostic offshoots), and Judaism were striving for supremacy and in the midst of the ferment, Mani was born in 215 or 216 A. D. to initiate a new form of belief. He lived in a house called "Artang" beautifully and elaborately adorned, which became very famous and lent its name to a book written by Mani, finely written and superbly illuminated. Born not far from modern Baghdad,[1] Mani is said to have begun his career as a religious teacher on Sunday, the 20th March, 240 A. D.—the day of the coronation of Shapur, son of Ardeshir. Urged thereto by the Persian priesthood, Shapur banished him and he remained in exile till he was allowed to return by Shapur's successor Urmuzd who allowed him evangelical freedom and presented him with a place of residence. Nevertheless, during the reign of Bahram I (274-277 A. D.) he is said to have been flayed alive and his body stuffed with straw to have been exposed on one of the gates of Gund-i-Shapur, subsequently known as "the Mani Gate."

The *Shahnamah*, the great Sassanian epic, describes "How Mani, the painter, came to Shapur with

[1] According to the *Shahnamah*, he "came from Chin" (China).

pretence of being a Prophet and was slain."

There came from Chin a man of eloquence
Whose peer in painting earth will not behold,
By which accomplishment he gained his ends.
He was a man of might, by name Mani.
He said: "I prove my mission by my painting,
And am the greatest of evangelists."
Shapur convoked the Arch-Magis and held talk at length about Mani.
They said: "This man—a worshipper of pictures—
Is not the equal of our own high priests."
"Thou worshipper of pictures!
Why layest thou thy daring hand on God—
The Being that created Heaven above,
Created space and time, with light and darkness
Therein, and is supreme of principles?
The nights and days of high, revolving heaven
Are both thy source of safety and mishap." (The *Shahnamah*, § 11, Vol. VI, p. 358)

During its short-lived career, Manichæism appears to have won adherents both in Europe and Asia. Mani travelled extensively, preaching his doctrines, and in the course of his journey he is said to have visited Central Asia, India and China. Some of his doctrines were recorded in texts on parchment with paintings, but almost all of them have been destroyed by his persecutors, Islamic, Christian and Zoroastrian. The district of Tocharistan in Khorasan, in the neighbourhood of Balkh, was for a long time a stronghold of Manichæism. Manichæan ambassadors from here succeeded, as late as the eighth century, in crossing China to the Court of the King of Uighurs and in converting this powerful prince to their religion. At Karakhoja (Chostcho, Turfan, Central Asia), the von Le Coq Archæological Expedition discovered in 1904 a number of Manichæan manuscripts (several of them beautifully illustrated and illuminated) which appear to be the only surviving fragments of the Manichæan religious books.

St. Augustine was a professed Manichæan for a period of nine years (373-382 A. D.). He wrote various works on Manichæism after his conversion to Catholic Christianity, but his exposition of his former faith is very unsatisfactory as he confines himself to vague generalities. The best sources of information regarding the doctrines of Mani are some of the Muhammadan authorities. His tenets are best recorded in a book written in Persian, known as *Shāpūraqān*, said to have been written for King Shapur (Shapor). According to this text:—

Wisdom and deed have always from time to time been brought to mankind by the Messengers of God. So in one age, they have been brought by the Messenger called the Buddha to India, in another by Zaradusht to Persia, in another by Jesus to the West. Thereupon, this revelation has come down, this prophecy in his last age, through

me, Mani, the Messenger of the God of Truth to Babylonia.

Such was the claim put forward by Mani.

The Manichæan system is based upon the idea of the essential and eternal contrast between Good and Evil, between Light and Darkness. But it is not correct to say, as Western writers have frequently said, that Mani identified "good" with spirit and "evil" with matter. Whether he ever attained to the conception of Matter may be doubted; at all events it is clear that he represented evil, or darkness, as something capable of thought and volition. Some Manichæans have held that the mingling of the darkness with the light had taken place "blindly and by accident," not as a result of volition. But this is obviously a later philosophical speculation. In other words, Mani's dualism was of the imaginative, or poetical, not of the philosophical kind. His system may be thus summarized (extracted from the account given in the *Fihrist*):—

Originally the light and the darkness bordered on one another, but were un-mingled, the light being limitless above and the darkness limitless below. The light is identical with God, who is called "the King of the Paradises of Light," but the realm of light includes also an atmosphere and an earth which are co-eternal with the Godhead. Out of the darkness arose Satan, the Primal Devil, who "did not exist from all eternity, although the elements of which he is composed are eternal." At first he wrought havoc in his own domain, and then invaded the Kingdom of Light. "When he saw the flashes of light, he conceived a hatred for them, shuddered, and rejoined his native elements." He made a second attack and the King of the Paradises of Light, in order to repel him, produced a being called the Primal Man, who went forth armed with a fivefold panoply—the breeze, the wind,[1] the light, the water and the fire. Satan, on the other hand, arrayed himself in the smoke, the consuming flame, the darkness, the scorching blast and the cloud. After a long struggle Satan prevailed over the Primal Man. The heavenly powers then intervened and rescued the Primal Man, but the elements which formed his panoply became mingled with the elements of darkness. Out of this confused mass the heavenly powers fashioned the actual world which we inhabit. Not only all animal and vegetable organisms but even objects which we regard as wholly inanimate, such as metals, contain portions of divine light. Hence the distinction which we are accustomed to make between natural and spiritual phenomena does not exist in this system, since it represents all the processes of nature as part of a spiritual contest, *e.g.*, the rain is explained as due to the perspiration of devils. The visible universe is, in fact, a vast and complicated machine devised by God for the purpose of enabling the elements of light to effect their escape. When the light contained in the earth separates itself from the darkness, it ascends in the form of a pillar, called "the pillar of glory," first to the moon, thence to the Sun, and

[1] In Vedic mythology, the Breeze (Vayu) is differentiated from the Wind (Rudra).

thence to the higher regions. This process continues until at length the final separation is brought about by a conflagration, which will last 1458 years. Thereafter the light will be secured for ever against the assaults of the darkness.

The origin and history of mankind, according to this system, is very peculiar. The first human beings Mani called Adam and Eve. Adam, the "first man," *al-insān al awwal* is wholly distinct from the "Primal Man," *al-insān al-qadîm*. Adam and Eve were represented as the offspring of devils, the object of the devils in producing them being to imprison, and so to keep in their own possession, a portion of the elements of light. The heavenly powers, in order to frustrate the purpose of the devils, sent Jesus (regarded as a celestial being) to instruct Adam on the subject of "the Paradises and the gods, Hell and the devils," and in particular to warn him against sensuality.

Mani taught his followers that they were to try to set free the particles of light, which in the process of the formation of the world and of the human race had become entangled with the particles of darkness. This liberation was to be effected by means of fasting, celibacy and prayer. Since the performance of all these religious obligations was impossible for persons engaged in the ordinary avocations, the Manichæans were classified into two distinct divisions. The first comprised those who attempted to follow out all the precepts of Mani, lived lives of celibacy and fasting and withdrew from all worldly affairs; such persons were called the Elect, and formed a hierarchy, at the head of which was the representative of Mani himself. Next came the ordinary Manichæans, who were allowed to marry and take part in the affairs of the world and who were called the Hearers.[1] The Hearers had every Sunday to repeat certain prayers and to give one-tenth of their possessions in alms.[2] They had to support the Elect, who, since they were not allowed to take part in worldly affairs or even to pluck fruit or gather vegetables, were entirely dependent on the Hearers for their food and all other requirements. The main characteristic of the Elect was that they possessed fuller knowledge of religion and *abstained* from certain things which were lawful to the rest of the community. The Elect might not acquire property, "except food for one day, and clothing for one year."

This duty of Abstention was called by the Manichæans "The Three Seals," which St. Augustine more definitely characterises as *Signaculum Oris*, *Signaculum Manuum*, and *Signaculum Sinus*. The first "seal" imposed restrictions with respect to

[1] This division appears to correspond to the *Sramanas* and *Sravakas* of the Buddhist system.

[2] Manu, the Indian Lawgiver, also recommends that gifts be "one-tenth" (*dasamansa*) of the resources of the donor.

food and speech, the second with respect to outward acts, the third with respect to thoughts and desires. Thus the Manichæan asceticism implied no thought of expiation. The idea that self-inflicted suffering atones for sin was quite foreign to the religion of Mani. The prohibitions that he issued were based on the belief that certain acts, such as the destruction of life and the intercourse of the sexes, are essentially Satanic, and therefore retard the liberation of the light.[1]

As in nearly all Oriental religions, fasting played an important part. Sunday was observed as a fast-day by ordinary Manichæans, Monday by the Elect. There were also monthly and annual fasts.

It is remarkable that among the things most strictly prohibited were idolatry and magic. The Ten Commandments of the Manichæan Church forbade idol worship, lying, covetousness, murder, adultery, theft, the teaching of arts of deception, magic, scepticism in religion, and lukewarmness in behaviour. By some, Manichæism is considered as a kind of Christianized Zoroastrianism, since it appears to reconcile the doctrines of Zoroaster and of Christ. According to others, it is an amalgam of Zoroastrian and Buddhist doctrines.

Whatever elements Mani may have borrowed from other, older Oriental religions, it is clear that the fundamental principles of his system are neither Zoroastrian, Buddhist, nor Babylonian. The relation in which Manichæism stood to Christianity was undoubtedly closer, but to call Manichæism a Christian heresy would be misleading. The aim of the Zoroastrian is to banish evil from the world. The aim of the Manichæan is to extract from the world that which is good. In this respect the Manichæan system has more in common with Buddhism than with Zoroastrianism.

The prayer-formulas of the Manichæans deserve a passing notice :—

> Blessed is our Guide, the Ambassador of Light, blessed are his guardian angels, and adored are his shining hosts.
>
> Adored art thou, O shining one, Mani, our Guide, source of brightness, branch of life, thou great tree which art wholly medicine.
>
> I adore and prostrate myself before all the gods, all the shining angels, all the lights, and all the hosts, who proceed from the Great God.
>
> I prostrate myself and adore the great hosts and the shining gods who by their wisdom have pierced, expelled, and overcome the darkness.
>
> I prostrate myself and adore the father of Majesty, the Great, the Luminous.

It should be noticed that these utterances contain not a single petition, no confession of sin and no reference to the need of pardon. The view that was current was that repentance naturally leads to for-

[1] If we substitute the word *atma* for *light*, we find a parallelism with the Indian system of the *Upanisads*.

giveness, since man is not punished for sinning, but for failing to grieve over sin. But in the Manichæan system there is no room for any Doctrine of Sin.

It is clear that some of the most essential features of Primitive Christianity, in particular the ascetic view of the present world, were thoroughly congenial to Mani. He provided a much more secure dogmatic basis for asceticism than any previous teacher, except perhaps the Buddha. The Manichæan dogma that humanity is of Satanic origin, however shocking to modern sentiment, greatly simplified the problem of human nature and its corruption. In this, as in some other points, Mani displayed a boldness and an originality of conception which entitle him to be regarded as a genius of the first order. To represent his system as a mere patchwork of older beliefs is, therefore, an unfair perversion of facts.

Whatever may have been the merits or the fate of the Manichæan religious faith, the fame of the Manichæan paintings survived for many centuries in the East. According to the testimony of the *Shahnamah*, Mani was a painter of pictures long before he became a preacher of religion. He came with an established reputation in pictorial practices: "His peer in painting earth will not behold." And naturally he used his artistic accomplishments to further the preaching of his religious faith: "I prove my mission by my painting." It is on record that Mani illustrated his writings with coloured pictures. St. Augustine speaks of the magnificent parchment manuscripts of Mani. He is also said to have invented the peculiar alphabet which the Manichæans afterwards employed, a modification of the Syriac characters. Thus Manichæan manuscripts in general were both finely written and illuminated. In course of time, manuscripts emanating from Mani's place of residence, "Artang," became quite proverbial. Thus "The Chieftain of Turan... wrote a letter worthy of Artang, decked with a hundred colours and designs." The Persian poets from Firdausi in the beginning of the eleventh century onwards, though they constantly make reference to Mani, describe him as a painter who produced a wonderful picture-book, and his name came to be proverbially used in describing any skilful artist. Unfortunately, owing to the ruthless persecutions of earlier times, most of the Manichæan paintings have perished. St. Augustine refers to the injunction to burn all Manichæan manuscripts whenever they could be found. So we have very little evidence to judge of the nature and merits of the Manichæan school of painting. There is no doubt that he founded a school—which survived long after his death; the practice of illustrating and illuminating religious books of this faith continued at least up to the eighth century and probably much later. The early phase of Manichæan paintings survives in certain peculiar motifs, and in the stylistic character of a certain class

of Persian painting of the Sassanian and Islamic schools. Mani's æsthetic relationship or affiliation appears to be with the Chinese pictorial style. He is frequently referred to as an artist from Chin. Thus, another passage in the *Shahnamah* (Vol. V, p. 118) associates his art with China: "Thus awakened look abroad and call the scene Brocade, or painted by Mani in Chin."

Besides the few Manichæan illustrated manuscripts already mentioned, the von Le Coq Expedition found in a ruined city near Turfan in Chinese Turkestan the remains of a great mural painting on the walls of what had been a Manichæan temple. This fresco represents a remarkable group of priests (Electi) headed by a nimbate figure larger than life-size of a man in the costume of a Manichæan priest, which has been identified as the portrait of Mani himself. The style of the draughtsmanship is predominantly Chinese, while the drapery is based on the local usage of the Uighur Turks of Soghdiana. The fragments of manuscripts discovered are distinguished by masterly calligraphy and illuminated with foliated designs of plants in flower—which appear to be related to early Sassanian painting. The site of these finds appears to have been abandoned by its inhabitants about 1036, while the actual execution of the frescoes must have been two centuries earlier.

Further survivals of Manichæan paintings are represented by the miniatures illustrating a manuscript of *al-Athar al-Baquiah* by al-Beruni (University Library, Edinburgh) dated 1307 A. D. These miniatures include representations of the "Temptation of Adam" and the "Baptism of Jesus." The rendering of water and plants in the latter, and of rocks and trees in the former, are so utterly different from the manner of Early Byzantine Christian Art, that they have had to be ascribed to the traditions of Manichæan Painting. As remarked by Sir Thomas Arnold, this style

> utterly lacks any of the features of tradition of Christian Art. The types are Central Asian. Neither Christian nor Muhammadan Art can provide the prototype for these pictures. It seems more than probable that we have here pictures modelled upon the religious tradition of Manichæan Painting.

If the religious doctrines of Mani have entirely perished from the face of the earth, in the land of the origin of Manichæism the name of Mani was long remembered—in the Muhammadan world as that of a great painter. And the remains of the Turfan frescoes undoubtedly demonstrate the high quality of the contribution Mani made to the domain of pictorial art. Dogmas perish but art, with its eternal and universal message, sometimes survives.

O. C. GANGOLY

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS*

As the war is coming to a close, our minds and hearts are exercised over the future conditions of life in the post-war world. Far-reaching schemes of reconstruction are already being hammered out in various countries by statesmen, economists and military experts. Every nation wants to reform its institutions in the light of the terrible experiences humanity has been going through during the last five years. But what can external reforms avail in the absence of a real change of heart on the part of individual men ? After all, institutions have to be run by men. And if men are bad, no institution, however perfect, can do any good. On the other hand, if only men are good, even imperfect institutions can go a long way towards bringing about the desired good. So the most urgent reform that we are in need of is that which will make all groups of men feel that they belong to the same family, the family of God, and that their true progress and happiness lie in the cultivation of spiritual values and not of material or biological values. It is the function of the church in every country to devise ways and means of putting these truths into practice and not be satisfied with merely paying lip-homage to them. And the first step in this direction is the recognition of the brotherhood of all religions. The leaders of all religions should put aside their exclusive claims of imaginary superiority and look upon themselves as allies in a common cause, engaged in fighting a common enemy, the brute in man. Especially in a country like India, where the followers of different religions have to live side by side, it is most essential that the principle of brotherhood of religions should be recognised and enforced at every turn. Hence we welcome the publication of the second edition of Madame Sophia Wadia's lectures on the subject. We hope that the very fact that a second edition of these lectures has been called for shows that her eloquent pleadings for unity and brotherhood have touched the heart of the reading public in this country. She asks :—

> What is the whole world suffering from today ? Not from gross wickedness but from partially practised brotherliness ! There is the brotherhood of the Jews, the brotherhood of the Parsis, the brotherhood of the Muslims, the brotherhood of the Hindus, but each group thus united by brotherhood fights against and becomes most unbrotherly towards all other similar groups likewise united within their own community. Robbers unite to rob, gangsters unite to hold up, politicians unite to make wars, and in the religious sphere rabbis unite, but so do the mobeds of the Parsis and the maulanas of the Muslims.

If the unqualified sovereignty of the national State is the cause of modern wars, the unqualified sense of superiority of each religious group is the cause of fanaticism, intolerance and communal riots. To avoid war it is not enough that we are loyal to the interests of our own country. We should recognise the

* *The Brotherhood of Religions.* By SOPHIA WADIA. Second Edition. (International Book House, Ltd., Bombay. Rs. 3/-)

rights of other countries as well. Similarly, to avoid communal discords it is not enough that we are loyal to our own religion ; we should recognise the truth of other religions as well. She says :—

> Man to be loyal to his own religion becomes disloyal to his brother-man. To be loyal to his community and to its customs and prejudices, he becomes narrow, dogmatic and sectarian ; to be loyal to his country he goes to shed the blood of his fellows of another country.

All of us are sinners in this respect. Some of us are, however, like law-abiding advertisers. We advertise our gods, as we advertise our goods, in superlative terms, but without running down other people's possessions. But there are others who have no such scruples. To them all is fair in love and war, even if it be a war of religions. The followers of missionary religions are the worst sinners in this respect. They are like those men who say, " Evil, be thou my good. " For they consider it their religious duty to denounce other religions as well as to exalt their own. Time was, for instance, when Christian missionaries used to say that theirs was the only true religion and that all other religions were the machinations of the Devil. They do not put it so crudely now. But most of them still believe that Christianity is the most perfect religion on earth and that all other religions are only very imperfect approximations to it. Let me give a concrete instance. I have been reading recently the revised edition of *The World's Living Religions* by R. E. Hume. In this book the author gives a short account of eleven living religions of the world and points out the elements of strength and the elements of weakness in each. According to him, the elements of weakness in Hinduism are " no personal character of moral responsibility in the Supreme Being, no permanent worth or moral ideal for the human individual, no universal moral standard, except social distinctions, " and so on and so forth. There are twelve such items in the list. The elements of weakness in Islam, according to him, are " the arbitrariness of its deity, its reliance upon the method of force, its excessive appeals to motives of fear and reward, its belief in fatalism "—and so on and so forth. There are ten such items listed. Christianity alone, it seems, among the religions of the world has no inherent weaknesses of any kind. Its only weaknesses are those of its followers " in certain sections of Christendom. " Those are the tendency " to relapse from the founder's lofty ideal of personal fellowship with God, the tendency to shirk the responsibilities which accompany the privileges belonging to children of God " and so on. This list has five items, all referring to " the tendency in certain sections or quarters of Christendom " to fall away from the lofty ideals of Jesus. We are here reminded of his own saying about the mote in other men's eyes and the beam in one's own.

On reading this book, a non-Christian reader, if he is of the same temperament as the author, may be sorely tempted to exclaim : " What ! Is Christianity so perfect as all that ? Has it no inherent weaknesses like other religions of the world ? What about the essentially anthropomorphic nature of the Christian God—a heritage from the vindictive tribal deity of the Old Testament ? What about the essentially unscientific cast of " His only begotten Son " ? What about the arbitrariness

of the Christian scheme of salvation, which is based on the two theological dogmas of the Founder's atonement and resurrection ? What about the grave omission of kindness to animals from Christian ethics ? What about the obvious paganism of the Christian eucharist ? " These are no doubt offensive questions. They may contain the germs of future strife. A communal riot always starts in the realm of thought, and it will be no wonder if it eventually translates itself into the realm of action.

If this is how the world's living religions are dealt with by a scholar, who is a Professor of the History of Religions and a translator of the Upanishads, we can imagine the fanaticism of an ignorant mob actuated by religious prejudice. It is characteristic of this author that in his list of the strong points of Hinduism he does not include its religious toleration and that in his Bibliography of Hinduism, he includes no works of modern Hindu expositors like Professor Radhakrishnan, but mentions as hand-books of Hinduism such biassed, offensive and out-of-date missionary publications as Farquhar's *A Primer of Hinduism* and *The Crown of Hinduism*. Surely, as a wise man said, to appear to be just without being really just is to be guilty of the greatest injustice.

The World's Living Religions was first published in 1924 ; and the revised edition of 1938, we are told, is its fourteenth impression. The popularity of the book certainly shows " the tendency in certain sections of Christendom. " Books of this kind—and they are legion—foster those exclusive claims which are the greatest obstacles in the way of the brotherhood of religions, and to which Madame Wadia makes pointed reference :—

> Claims of an exclusive nature are the very life-force which keeps many religions going ; and therefore all such claims, which pit creed against creed, and religion against religion, have to be rejected, not connived at. There is a great deal of hypocrisy, conscious and unconscious hypocrisy, in the matters of religious belief, and the great task of any movement for the brotherhood of religions is to emphasise that such hypocrisy leads to danger and defeats peace and enlightenment.

And she exhorts us to " undertake the comparative study of religions, not for the sake of pushing or glorifying our own pet creed but for the honest purpose of perceiving the Truth underlying every religion. " This is sound advice to all students of comparative religions, and even to Professors of the History of Religions, who are in need of it.

A comparative study of the religions of the world brings home to us, if we are unbiassed in mind, that in every religion there is a core of truth overlaid with untruth of various kinds. This is inevitable, for truth comes to us from God through human channels, and human beings, however great, are subject to the limitations of their environment. Madame Wadia says that there are three stages in the history of any religious movement—(1) that of the Prophet or the Reformer, (2) that of his true disciples who try to systematise his teachings and (3) that of the priests who organise out of the teachings a new religious creed.

And she believes that " the priest of every creed is the enemy of the prophet. "

In one way, this is rather an overstatement of the case, and in another it is an understatement. There are priests and priests. Not every priest is

an enemy of the prophet. Without the honest priest, no prophet's message can continue to live and exert its influence in the world. Institutional religion is as necessary for mystical religion as the body for the soul. If the body without a soul is a corpse, the soul without a body is a ghost. So, to make the priest always the villain of the piece and the prophet the ideal hero is to make an overstatement about the evolution of religion.

Again, no prophet is infallible. He may be far in advance of his age in some things. He may be a messenger of God, but he also belongs to a certain country, nation and age. Therefore his divine message is invariably overlaid with those human limitations. Buddha was a Hindu, Christ was a Jew and Mohammad was an Arab. So their messages are inextricably mixed up with the local Hindu, Jewish and Arabic beliefs and notions. The life-giving seed is thus always covered with some kind of perishable husk. Therefore to say that every prophet's teaching is absolutely true in every detail and that corruption comes only with the appearance of the priest on the scene is to make an understatement about the history of dogma in religion. Very often the bigots in every religion are able to quote the very words of the Founder in defence of their indefensible beliefs and notions. And the very fact that in every growing religion certain aspects of the prophet's teaching are emphasised and developed and certain aspects are slurred over and allowed to fall into desuetude shows that not all aspects are equally true. So the germs of "corruption," if corruption is the proper word, are already there at the very source. They are present in the form of human limitations in the teachings of every prophet.

Therefore there is no point in claiming infallibility for any prophet or any scripture or any religion. And seeing that no religion, whatever its pretensions, has so far succeeded in completely humanising man, the followers of all religions will do well to be a little humble before the great catastrophe which has overtaken humanity and exposed man's unplumbed depths of bestiality and depravity. They will do well to come together, forgetting all their differences, to see whether organised religions banded together in one common brotherhood could do anything to prevent such a catastrophe from recurring and disgracing the history of man.

D. S. SARMA

WESTERN WARTIME THINKING
"GOOD" AND "BAD" FASCISM

The majority of Americans appear still hopefully to believe that this is the best of all possible wars, the war which will thoroughly banish fascism from the earth. From time to time some responsible author feels compelled to shatter some of the illusions which support this naïveté. Michael Straight's book, *Make This the Last War* (See THE ARYAN PATH, March, 1944, p. 98) illustrates this occasional appearance of helpful realism. Straight was principally concerned with outlining the technical difficulties involved in attain-

ing a co-operative world. In *As We Go Marching** John T. Flynn vigorously and somewhat caustically reminds American citizens of the basic economic and philosophic discrepancies which make an immediate solution impossible.

In the first place, says Mr. Flynn, we do not understand fascism. While this "bad symbol" has been attaining the doubtful dignity of a common cuss-word, its reality has been stealthily building strong footholds within the "great American democracy."

Now we are coming around to recognizing "bad fascism" and "good fascism." A bad fascism is a fascist régime which is against us in the war. A good fascist régime is one that is on our side. Or to repeat what I have already said, a bad fascist régime is one that makes war upon its neighbours and persecutes the Jews; a good fascist régime is one that is jumped on by some stronger fascism and does not alter the long-standing attitude of the country toward either Jews or Christians. And from this beginning there are plenty of Americans who have descanted at length upon the magnificent achievements of Mussolini and the better side of the German régime. And so we flirt a little with the idea that perhaps fascism might be set up without these degrading features, that even if there is to be totalitarian government it is to be just a teeny-weeny bit totalitarian and only a teeny bit militarist and imperialist only on the side of God and the democracy.

Mr. Flynn divides his analysis into three parts. Part One considers the economic and philosophic origins of fascism in Italy. Part Two the same with respect to Germany, and Part Three considers the temporary road already constructed in the United States for the probable arrival of a subtle and equally dangerous fascism wearing an ersatz halo called democracy. Two things emerge very clearly from Mr. Flynn's assemblage of facts and figures in respect to Italian and German fascism. First, that the same type of economic dislocation was met in both instances in the same way—by inauguration of a National Socialist régime, economically based upon large-scale government spending and the creation of employment. Both Mussolini and Hitler happened to be militarists, but whether or no they had been formerly dedicated to Mars they would have been strongly led to consider the possibilities of military aggression as an outlet for the stored-up energy of a National Socialist State unable to maintain employment or balance its budget.

Mussolini, having incorporated the principle of state-created purchasing power into his system, turned naturally to the old reliable project of militarism as the easiest means of spending money. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on this since our newspaper files are well supplied with statements of returning American travellers since 1935 telling, some with an accent of approval, how Mussolini has solved the problem of unemployment in Italy by means of expenditures on national defense. Some of our own high officials have found occasion to comment on this fact, contrasting his accomplishment with our own failure to put our people to work.

Of particular and uneasy interest to Americans should be the following:—

It is difficult to believe now that Mussolini ever prattled about democracy. Yet he did. Only two years before he took power he boasted that the Great War was a victory for democracy. Of fascism he said, when he took office, "that a period was begun of mass politics and *unqualified democracy.*" . . . The year before he assumed power he declared fascism was ready to co-operate with the liberal and socialist groups. He urged freedom of speech for the socialists who, he declared, were no longer dangerous to the state and should be permitted to carry on their propaganda.

Adolph Hitler also rose to eminence aided by expression of socialist sentiments and by the enthusiasm of a few

* (Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. $2.00)

sincere, though misguided liberals.

There is a tragic irony in the historical development by which the German Revolution first greatly enhanced the importance, strength, and authority of the German unions, only to land them at the end of this period almost in the position of administrative organs of the state, consequently deprived of their real function of constituting a powerful body of workers to face the power of the entrepreneurs. (From Gustav Stolper's *German Economy.*)

Hitler attempted to convert members of both liberal and militarist-reactionary groups by drawing from each reservoir of sympathy.

" Whoever, " he said in *Mein Kampf*, " is prepared to make the national cause his own to such an extent that he knows no higher ideal than the welfare of the nation, whoever in addition has understood our great national anthem, *Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles* to mean that nothing in the wide world surpasses this Germany, people and land, land and people—that man is called a socialist. "

And another interesting sidelight is quoted by Flynn :—

As far as I am aware, not a single foreign observer who was resident in Germany between Hitler's rise to power and the outbreak of the second World War has ever suggested that the German nation had any active desire for war. Hitler, who was aware of this mood, assured the nation that he wanted peace and that he was resolved to maintain it. The support of Hitler's foreign policy (up to the seizure of Prague), even outside the ranks of adherents, rested upon a reluctant admiration for a man who seemed to be able to get so much for Germany without involving her in war. He knew how to create the great myth of being the great redeemer who would stop short of war.

(From *Victory Is Not Enough* by Egon Ranshoven-Wertheimer)

German liberals, despite their fairly sophisticated economic knowledge, were not sufficiently educated regarding the quality of those things that make for war. Preoccupied with the need for some form of socialism, they neglected to rid its first apparent manifestation of a spirit of militarist nationalism. Yet socialism, truly portrayed, must always evidence an international content, as it does from the pen of Nehru. As the wheels of false economy kept turning, the militarist's solution became the only practical one.

Militarism becomes an inevitable part of the system since it provides the easiest means of draining great numbers annually from the labour market and of creating a tremendous industry for the production of arms for defense, which industry is supported wholly by government borrowing and spending.

Imperialism becomes an essential element of such a system where that is possible—particularly in the strong states, since the whole fascist system, despite its promises of abundance, necessitates great financial and personal sacrifices, which people cannot be induced to make in the interest of the ordinary objects of civil life and which they will submit to only when they are presented with some national crusade or adventure on the heroic model touching deeply the springs of chauvinistic pride, interest, and feeling.

Mr. Flynn proceeds in an attempt to warn America regarding the smoothness with which present United States policies may be made to fit the fascist pattern.

When fascism comes it will not be in the form of an anti-American movement or pro-Hitler bund, practising disloyalty. Nor will it come in the form of a crusade against war. It will appear rather in the luminous robes of flaming patriotism; it will take some genuinely indigenous shape and colour, and it will spread only because its leaders, who are not yet visible, will know how to locate the great springs of public opinion and desire and the streams of thought that flow from them and will know how to attract to their banners leaders who can command the support of the controlling minorities in American public life. The danger lies not so much in the would-be Führers who may arise, but in the presence in our midst of certain deeply running curr-

ents of hope and appetite and opinion. The war upon fascism must be begun there.

Having laid an excellent factual basis Flynn repeats a justifiable, though embarrassing question: To just what extent has domestic and foreign policy already duplicated the Italo-German example? Have we not moved steadily towards an acceptance of fascism's three practical foundations—government creation of spending and employment, militarism under the guise of national defence, imperialism arrayed in the resplendent garb of a global ideal?

Flynn's main purpose is obviously to illustrate graphically the economic origins of fascism. Although less planned, an equally valuable if not more significant thesis also emerges—*that militarism and fascism are blood brothers*, neither of them being able to draw breath without the other. Fortunately, in the United States socialist-liberalism is thoroughly anti-militarist and imperialist. But the socialist ranks are thin, while opportunists, as was the case in Germany, are always ready to borrow seemingly liberal slogans to consolidate their own power.

Mr. Flynn leaves his readers flailing the air. He has frightened them, and the bogey-man refuses to go back up the chimney, for he has already taken possession of certain portions of the house. Flynn shows that one must be aware of "national socialism." He also demonstrates that the present capitalist economy with its lop-sided division of wealth and power inevitably leads towards the national socialism we must avoid. Flynn has no solution.

My only purpose is to sound a warning against the dark road upon which we have set our feet as we go marching to the salvation of the world and along which every step we now take leads us farther and farther from the things we want and the things that we cherish.

If the roots of fascism are to be successfully exterminated it is necessary to find some point upon which to begin. Mr. Flynn, as one of many able economists, could undoubtedly suggest an economic system which would make ineffective the many forms of fascism. But neither Mr. Flynn nor anyone else can presently transform such a worthy plan from paper to the lives of the American people. The majority, the mob of Ortega y'Gasset, follows a leader because it has not itself developed qualities of leadership. The mass-man cannot tell which economic system and which leader offers fascism and which offers democracy and equality. Economic issues are too complicated to understand, and it is very easy to confuse even eminent international statesmen into acceptance of proposals within which are the loopholes of militarism and imperialism. Militarism and imperialism, however, are not quite so difficult to understand. They are human issues. The fight against fascism can be most effectively focalized in the area which is the most easily understandable—the area involving moral values as well as economic theorems.

Any concentrated effort to clarify the fascist dilemma is positive and helpful. However, Mr. Flynn might perform a further service at some later date by illustrating the thesis that war must be fought *as war, per se,* by *all* men as well as by those who are capable of comprehending the subtleties of a dangerous national economy. In the meantime Americans should be thankful for *As We Go Marching*—and so

should the Italian and German peoples —for Flynn undoubtedly does force one clear vision upon his readers—that the people we call "bad" and ourselves, whom we call "good," are literally in the same maelstrom and that a simple victory of the "good fascism" over the "bad fascism" is a victory in name only.

HERVEY WESCOTT

ON INDIA

I *

The author of this book, Mr. Penderel Moon, is a retired Indian Civil Servant. That circumstance gives his book value as it entitles him to be heard with respect. Mr. Penderel Moon has hung his information on fictitious episodes taken from a number of daily-life incidents as they happened to his two characters, Mr. Greenlane, the young, idealistic new-comer to the Service, and Mr. Lightfoot, the old-timer with few illusions left to him.

Mr. Moon has written much that will surprise and, perhaps, depress many readers. For what these vignettes of the Indian scene, plus his interpretative passages, add up to is this : the Western mind has not and cannot comprehend the East; and that India, under the British Raj or free to go her own political way, has inherent problems that almost defy solution.

Young Greenlane went out to India with the ideal of service, as do some of the finest young men England produces. In the end he leaves the country feeling that he can do no good, but may, on the contrary, be an instrument for harm.

Let us glance, very rapidly, at some of this young idealist's experiences and try to understand just why he quitted. We will take first the administration of justice, which is on the English model. Here, it is astonishing to learn, the whole apparatus which centuries of experience has forged for the safeguarding of the individual against wrongful conviction has become a monstrous machine easily manipulated by the perjurer and the corrupt official.

At first it is not easy to see how this can be so. And it is only by accepting the author's statement that in India perjury is universal and the conviction of the guilty often to be secured only on false evidence, that one sees how utterly unsuited to the country is the English system. Since honourable courts of justice are one of the first prerequisites for any politically decent state, it follows that this taint must stain with the evil of corruption the whole life of the country.

What alternative is there? The author suggests courts with a completely simplified procedure unbound by our rules of evidence, with something on the lines of the English jury system, a panel drawn from men of known high character. "In the existing state of society," says Greenlane, "caprice might well be preferable to the rule of Law. It could hardly be worse."

On the condition of the peasant Mr. Moon is sympathetic and understanding. Here the indictment is not against the British Raj, but against the Indians themselves who tolerate usury so that a man is bled white;

* *Strangers in India.* By PENDEREL MOON. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

abandon themselves to futile and ridiculous (but ruinous) litigation; and are exploited by their own industrial classes who, in Congress, and outside it, manœuvre and plot for economic and political power. He writes :—

> Indian capitalists are certainly not more enlightened, more public spirited, more scrupulous, and more mindful of the rights and interests of others than their prototypes in Europe. Their influence in India's strongest political Party, Congress, is already great; and the forces which might be ranged against them are at present politically unorganized and helpless....Ruthless exploitation of the weak by the strong is still the rule in India. The capitalist class will follow this rule.

Today India is passing through the first phase of what is virtually her Industrial Revolution. For war has accelerated the process already in motion, and the relationship of Britain as creditor has been reversed to the tune of £1,000,000,000 of debt.

In England the Industrial Revolution brought the peasants into the workshops, and elementary education and political consciousness followed. May that not happen in India tomorrow when India's millions become politically conscious and are able to read newspapers and political pamphlets?

Will the ancient feuds be settled? Will Muslims enjoy sovereign rights within the geographic framework of the subcontinent? Will there be a return to the mediæval way of life as advocated by Gandhi? Will the Provinces be ruled by benevolent and incorruptive legislatures and administrators? Will the Princes become Solomons overnight?

One of the most interesting chapters in this stimulating little book is the record of a dialogue between the ardent Communist Salig Ram and Mr. Lightfoot. They cannot agree. Even so, there comes into the mind of the reader the thought: Is not the solution perhaps something on the Russian model? Many of the problems, though by no means all, that beset India today, beset Russia yesterday. They then appeared insoluble, with the Czarist system enthroned apparently for ever. And then, overnight, everything changed. The most backward of all States in the world emerged as among the most modern.

But whatever the future of India, Mr. Moon holds that we have no alternative, having pledged our word, but to get out. We have tried; but we have failed. We must go, for, after all, are we not strangers in India?

GEORGE GODWIN

II *

The publishers' advertisement claims that this book is for the benefit of those who have lost their way in the maze of Indian politics. It turns out, however, to be another collection of facts by a doubtless very well-intentioned Englishwoman, who has not only failed to be impressed by her own data which show the maze to be a largely British-designed one, but, what is perhaps more serious, has failed to see that the way out "on British lines" is not marked on any constitutional map of the saner Indian make.

Lady Hartog shares something of Mahatma Gandhi's love of truth, but none of his simple practical directness. "Either," he says with admirable

* *India in Outline*. By LADY HARTOG. (Cambridge University Press, London. 6s.)

brevity, "Englishmen recognise India's independence or they don't." But Lady Hartog's treatment of the same subject is to begin by quoting Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858 at length, pass through the tortuous intricacies of half a dozen Anglo-Indian bureaucratic Reforms and Acts, and end with clusters of vague phrases like "may enter on a new relationship based on greater friendship, better collaboration, and truer understanding than ever before,"—idealistic terms which politicians are apt to use when about to embark upon some particularly shady New Order.

The truth which Lady Hartog fails to discover from her collected facts is that the present Western and Gandhian views of politics are incompatible. The West is not yet so enlightened as to make no distinction between politics and religion. Gandhi is great enough to hold this view and live up to it. Some think that this is both his moral triumph and his worldly tragedy. But, however that may be, Lady Hartog is certainly in the less enlightened and more pitiable case of not being able to distinguish between politics and plain lack of imagination.

For instance, she can write with what must seem to many wise Indians shocking complacency :—

> As a result of the great stimulus to machine-industry given by the present war there is little doubt that India is entering on a period of immense industrial development, and no one can foresee what will be the effect on conditions in the post-war world.

But surely it is because Gandhiji does so precisely foresee the horrible effect of machine-industry that he puts up such an urgent *satyagraha* resistance to it ? His politics today are a challenge to an over-mechanised civilisation that has increasingly for a century arrested humanity's spiritual development. He knows that interminable total war, or totalitarian preparation for preventing it, is the prospect of a machine-obsessed world. This world the Mahatma is fighting to keep out of India. "Quit India" for him has a deeper and wider significance than Lady Hartog dreams.

It would be quite touching, if it were not so tragic for Indians, that Lady Hartog can write with pride of the permanence of "the steel frame of the I. C. S." :—

> All through the changes in the constitution of British India in its progress towards responsible self-government the pattern of the administration has not changed. It has been built up during many years and tested in many times of strain and stress, of flood and famine, of earthquake and pestilence, of riots and "civil disobedience," and has stood firm and come successfully through all trials.

Is it possible that Lady Hartog really does not see that it is the very inflexibility of this outwardly imposed administration that Indians so much resent ? The unresponsive rigidity and barrack-like correctness of New Delhi seems to them just as bad, if not worse than the pomp and paralysis of the Old. Perhaps she does not realise this because "the steel frame" is characteristic of her whole *Outline*. The India within is a very limited collection of mostly dead facts which, for all their statistical accuracy, make the reader feel he is being shown round some dry-as-dust museum by a vigilant British curator. Such an atmosphere is, to say the least of it, unhealthy. It paralyses and distorts the living truth.

This book suggests to us more than any other published since the war, that the British mind needs to have the

cobwebs swept off its attitude to India. The whole atmosphere of English-Indian literature is stale with dead facts too often repeated without imagination. We need the fresh air of generous frankness and interpretative vision. Parroting the old facts, mind-cramping circumspection and pretence, are the chief diseases which contemporary British writers on India are apt to catch. We are all more or less ailing. The sooner Englishmen and women stop evading the unpleasant truth that for close on two centuries India has been an occupied country, the sooner will India begin her new life as a free nation, and perhaps feel a growing respect instead of resentment toward those who have compressed her politics, her culture, her whole spiritual way of life, within the frame of their once all too unyielding outline.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

The Spinners of Silk. By HSIAO CH'IEN. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 6*s.*)

Here is a small but well-presented collection of short stories by a distinguished Chinese writer. I remember that when I was in Canton just for a day, some forty years ago, I reflected sadly that I could never possibly become really acquainted with the unfamiliar human beings who sat in their open shops or whom I passed in those narrow streets. Mr. Hsiao does much to remove this feeling. Writing good clear unaffected English, he wisely chooses themes from contemporary Chinese life, themes which have for us the interest of the unfamiliar and for him the advantage of intimate knowledge. If we read these unpretentious records of little incidents in Chinese daily life we can easily get inside that still enigmatical world.

Mr. Hsiao writes as a realist. There is more kinship between him and Tchekhov than between him and Maupassant. He has also that eye for significant detail which is an outstanding attraction in Chinese poetry. Occasionally he uses words which have associations so definitely Western as for the moment to destroy the Eastern atmosphere which he is spinning. For instance, one schoolboy addresses another with the words "Blast you.... You beastly swot, you." Slang in a translation is always dangerous. On the other hand here is a passage which will give the reader a representative sense of Mr. Hsiao's manner:—

> There was a swarm of ants under the steps. Hwanko bent down and tried to bar their way by spitting all round them. It was very amusing to see the slender legs of the insects caught in his saliva, and the way they rolled over. He watched them, chuckling, and a pair of leather boots came towards him. He lifted his head, and saw above him the stern face of his uncle.

Several of these studies are concerned with the rebuffs which extreme poverty must endure. The poor and disowned women meet their misfortunes with special courage. It is doubtful whether there is a sounder representative of modern China in literature than the author of these unelaborated tales of simple life.

CLIFFORD BAX

The Prodigal Son. By R. H. WARD. (The Religious Drama Society, London. 2*s*.)

In the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, as much as anywhere, may be found the core of Christ's teaching. One uses the humble word "teaching" in necessary dissociation of the founder of the Christian religion from the top-heavy theologizings of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages and the neo-Thomists of our time. Human beings seem to be innately complex; their sin—their "original sin"—is the pride of their complexity: they will not take the straightforward, the serene, the simple way. And Christ embodied all those virtues which we lack: grace, serenity and simplicity. He had the effrontery to believe—and demand—that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, rather than exploit, calumniate, rob or bomb him. He even went further than that, and in his last agony begged God to forgive the mob that mocked him.

Mr. Ward has certainly chosen a pregnant theme in the parable of the prodigal son. Many would complain that the plain unvarnished narrative as recorded by Luke is good enough for them, and by "Luke" they would mean the Jacobean English of the Authorised Version. To reject Mr. Ward's vivid and vigorous dramatization on those grounds (or lack of grounds) would be foolish, for what is the Authorised Version but one version of the original Greek, and what the original Greek but a recollection by a fallible man of words heard in excitement years before? The gospels as we know them are but hints, fragmentary glimpses of a splendour we must recapture for (and live within) ourselves. Art, as Ezra Pound said, is "to make new." Originality, as the East has always known, is a dubious virtue; true art is the endowing with new life of old themes, old patterns. A man must utter his truth in the language of his time.

Because Mr. Ward does this, and because the language of one's time is inseparable from the awareness of one's time, his little play does indeed (as Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer once declared every work of art should do) "squeeze the last drop out of its subject." The bare *dramatis personæ* of Jesus's parable become the particularized characters of Western humanist drama—the father in the anguish and joy of parental love; the mother a more cramped figure, but convincing in her worn-down-to-earthness; the son himself, the universal Hamlet-Faust, an instrument for the forces of life to live through; and lastly, the home-keeping brother in the pride of his self-righteousness, commendable, respectable, hard and unforgiving. By way of chorus Mr. Ward has included two Presenters, whose function is to chronicle the progress of outward event and point the development of inward significance. Not that the latter needs pointing; it is there, inherent in the son himself, in his katharsis, his long odyssey towards humility. In his story is particularised the story of us all—Mr. Ward's drama is, once again, a parable:—

> Thus one son mediates to other sons
> This story of a son and of all sons.

And if in its force of dramatic power it owes much to post-Renaissance humanism, in form and inspiration its debt goes much further back.

J. P. HOGAN

Akabarasahi-Sringaradarpana of PADMASUNDARA. Edited by K. MADHAVA KRISHNA SARMA. (Anup Sanskrit Library, Bikaner. Rs. 2/-)

This work, forming the first volume of the Ganga Oriental Series, has a twofold interest. It was written by a Jain pandit at the court of the great Moghul Emperor Akbar, which shows at once the Emperor's love of Sanskrit learning and regard for scholars, regardless of their religious persuasions, and thus serves as a concrete instance of the fact that genuine love for knowledge truly transcends the bounds of caste or creed.

Padmasundara, a versatile scholar, wrote this work at the behest of Akbar about 1560 A. D. Though it contains many references to Humayun and Akbar it cannot be called a historical poem. It is a manual of *Sringararasa*. Out of the four chapters (*Ullasas*) into which the work is divided, the first three and a part of the fourth also deal with the sentiment of Love (*Sringara*) in all its varieties and ramifications. Other sentiments and also the four modes of literary composition in Sanskrit (*Riti*) are treated of in the remaining portion of the fourth chapter.

In Appendix I a lovely little poem on Sringara, the *Sringara-Sanjivini* of Haridevamisra, is edited for the first time. It would have been better had the name of this work also been mentioned on the title-page.

The learned editor had an extremely difficult task in constituting the text of these two interesting works, as he had only one manuscript in each case to work upon. He deserves ample credit for having done his work with great care and insight into the subject, and he has been ably supported by Dr. C. K. Raja who in his Notes has suggested many emendations for the better understanding of the text and provided parallel references to the *Sringaratilaka* of Rudrata which is closely followed by Padmasundara in this work. Appendix II gives readings from a second manuscript, which was discovered too late to be utilized in the constitution of the text.

The Bikaner Durbar deserves congratulations on publishing these two rare works, especially in these times when the atmosphere is surcharged with the smoke and the din of the second world war.

N. A. GORE

Tales of Tokuzan. By W. J. GABB. (The Buddhist Society, 106, Great Russell Street, London, W. C. 1)

In this slim collection of typical tales from Zen scriptures, simple anecdotes from the life of Zen Masters are narrated so as to give to the general reader some idea of their teachings. In fact, each tale is a dramatisation of the actual experiences of Zen Masters in breaking down the intellectual objections of the novices. The ordinary reader will sometimes find the stories peculiar and sometimes even queer. But it is claimed that Zen "has a tongue which speaks direct to the heart." The reader is reminded of the multifaced nature of reality observed or experienced.

A typical illustration is to be found in the monk's question as to what is Truth, answered by the Master saying that it is "an empty flagon, full of flies." The thoughtful reader will surely find enough food for thought if he is sure of his own bearings.

V. M. I.

The Barbers' Trade Union, and Other Stories. By Mulk Raj Anand. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Readers of Mulk Raj Anand's novels will have noticed how consistently he has kept to the theme of human agony. His first book of short stories will probably surprise by its abundance of lighter, almost ephemeral themes. However, he makes even the slightest plot burn and shine in a prose that flames with life. He retains his vivid economy of language, his bitter indignation, his skill in ridiculing what he hates, his satirical contempt for sham and hypocrisy. And there are flashes of tender poetry, too, as in his beautifully subtle "The Lost Child," when he moves our sympathies with pathos, and charms with fleeting smiles. But for all his new lightness, sometimes even frivolity of theme, Anand remains essentially a man of sorrows, with a great compassion for the injured and insulted.

It is significant that the best story in this collection, "On the Border," that of a mother witnessing the bombing of a village where her baby is trapped, carries on the original vein of agony closest to the author's heart. The emotional vitality of the writing is perfectly controlled, never choking with the hysteria that tends to overwhelm such a subject. "Lullaby," a little masterpiece in rhythmic prose, also deals with a mother whose child dies on the floor of a jute factory while she is feeding the machine. Deep in his subconscious imagination, one suspects, Anand has a stratum of romantic sentimentalism. But it is never feeble or sickly, always brave and vigorous.

All the stories have a strong antiseptic social flavour, and are prompted by a passionate indignation against human stupidity, occasionally expressed with elephantine naïveté as in "The Maharaja and the Tortoise." Far more effective is the satirically amusing tale of family pride, "A Pair of Mustachios," in which a village aristocrat of a Khan parts with everything he has rather than see the upturned tiger-tips of his moustache imitated by the local grocer.

Anand, for all his brilliant descriptive capacity, reveals a philosophical weakness in his treatment of certain types, which one hopes time and inner growth may remove. In dealing with children, the poor or the oppressed, his perceptions of character are keen and enlightened with human sensibility. But in dealing with adult infants, particularly if they are in the least influential or opulent, his perceptions are relatively crude and blunted. For instance, in "A Kashmir Idyll," we fully appreciate the situation in which a shallow and thick-skinned Nawab chokes himself to death with laughing at the distress of a boatman whose tears he finds merely ridiculous. It shows that Anand has a nice sense of cosmic justice. Yet he allows no hint of human understanding or sympathy to show through his contempt and hatred for the Nawab, whose spiritually pitiable condition he ignores. Surely this is something that the author might ponder, and perhaps find means to correct before it becomes a habit? His is far too fine a mind to let character be distorted in the cruder bends of the Marxian mirror.

Dennis Gray Stoll

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The war has made many ideologies fashionable. In an attempt to stigmatise Germany and give to their own protestations an air of righteousness, the Allies are frequently identified with the powers of good fighting Germany the incarnate evil. Similar fallacies prevail in many-sided attempts to diagnose the contemporary malaise. The Christian Church readily asserts that the present devastation, both material and spiritual, is due primarily to the loss of faith in the Christian idea of God. It is interesting that the emphasis is not on the faith in human goodness but on a superhuman God. Combating such anomalous suggestions, John Middleton Murry editorially castigates self-righteous assumptions in *The Adelphi* for October-December 1944. He places all the contemporary disorder at the door of a universal collapse of values which preceded the war well enough to make it inevitable. A wrong diagnosis cannot lead to a right treatment and so when the churches attempt to persuade their votaries that through their revival alone the world can be saved, they are not only not prescribing any efficacious remedy for the present ills but are indirectly perpetuating an exploded secular order that has long misused its opportunities.

What is needed to set right the times now out of joint is not a god but a reign of law, not Christianity but justice. The ever-shifting boundaries of the many European States during the present holocaust, the greed with which stronger powers have been tightening their hold, coupled with the altogether futile if innocuous talk of an idealist reconstruction of Europe, only prove that those whose voice is to be heard in the peace conference are deliberately rejecting the idea of a rule of law and justice in the post-war dispensations. What else, otherwise, can be the implication of the dismemberment of Poland, or the prospective annexation of German territories to her as compensation, or the accomplished pocketing of Baltic States by Russia? Nations like their leaders must outgrow these narrow acquisitive tendencies before they can think of gaining world perspective, essential for any sane planning for the future. More than a bigoted revival of Christianity, therefore, or an overweening resurgence of nationalisms, must come the sense of human fraternity and the need for strict justice that recks of neither race nor religion. Mr. Murry's demand needs to be heeded by the Western powers:—

> Justice is therefore the need, not Christianity. For Christianity, in the form we know it, condones injustice. Until there shall arise a Christianity whose faith in its own God is so real that it has the courage to denounce the outrages on justice which are being committed by the national States, it is the love of Justice alone which may unite men in resistance to totalitarianism. The love of Justice may defend Christianity, Christianity will not defend Justice.

Education is for life and not only for livelihood. But the tragedy all these years, particularly in India, has been that the reverse of this truth has been usually held up as the aim of their study before the school- and college-going youth of the country. Even there, too, the prevalent system has been a flagrant failure, because a large majority of the students, after walking out of the portals of a university, have not been able to live above the minimum margin of economic existence. Gandhiji's scheme of Basic Education, inaugurated six years ago, has attempted, however, to combine life and livelihood in the craft-centred curriculum. In other words, the learners are trained to hitch the wagon of their individual welfare to the star of social service, so that they may receive the transmuting touch of Truth. For, as Gandhiji observed on the occasion of opening the Basic Education Teachers' Training Camp at Sevagram on November 19, 1944, "The quest for Truth is the Alpha and Omega of all education." And in order to qualify oneself for this quest, he added, one should cultivate inner and outer cleanliness. "Cleanliness of the mind and body is the first step in education." He further stressed the necessity for prayer, which opens up a channel for communing with the Supreme Self. "If we enthrone Him in our hearts and keep Him there always we shall know no fear and lay up for ourselves rich treasure in life."

A strong plea against allowing expression to communalism in University appointments was made by Sir Mirza Ismail, Prime Minister of Jaipur, in his Convocation Address at the Agra University on the 18th of November. He insisted on worth as the only legitimate consideration. It would be as disastrous, he declared, to choose on communal principles those whose function was intellectual and moral leadership as to choose one's doctor on considerations of community.

He pointed out the great need in civic and municipal posts for incorruptible and energetic men, self-sacrificing and tolerant, men with breadth of vision, ready to co-operate and with no axe to grind. The Universities must turn out such men, ready to carry out Sir Mirza's injunction to the Agra University graduates, which was to

> go out into the world resolved to serve your country in a spirit of true loyalty and devotion, forgetting the petty differences that divide men, regarding all the people living in this land as your own brothers.

Till recently, one of the most lamentable lacks in the system and syllabus of education in India had been the absence of art and music among the subjects prescribed for study. The result was, therefore, a certain degree of insensitiveness, on the part of the students, to the finer emotions and impulses of life. Rabindranath Tagore was the first person in the field to make the arts an integral part of the curriculum in his school, started at Santiniketan about four decades ago. Since then, more and more the rightness of this measure has been realised by educationists in the country. There is today, therefore, an urgent need of trained teachers. Accordingly, to meet this, so far as music is concerned, a scheme has been set afoot to start a National University of Hindusthani Music. It will be "a standard institution which would provide facilities for study of all existing schools in the Indian

vocal and instrumental music." The proposed institution will be attached to the Benares Hindu University, says a press message, and begin functioning from July 1945. The supply of teachers being thus assured, it is to be sincerely hoped that before long an increasing number of schools and colleges in the country will see to it that the students are afforded opportunities to learn music and thereby have some "food for the soul."

Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, in his Convocation Address at the Benares Hindu University on 26th November, pleaded for recognition of the spiritual unity underlying all religions and of the complementary relationship of East and West. An effective synthesis might not be possible at the moment, but a supreme effort at mutual understanding and respect should be made. Dr. Gurtu freely conceded to the West the beneficent aspect of modern science, the West's heroic struggle for liberty, its noble art and literature, its spirit of sacrifice for higher ideals, its generous response to human suffering. But the East today, he observed, "more than the West, is waiting to be properly comprehended and justly estimated." It will be a calamity for humanity as a whole if "the pride of political conquest and material prosperity" raises a barrier by breeding "a silent contempt for that section of humanity which is considered to be under the tutelage of the West." Dr. Gurtu sees hope in the Eastern nations' learning to assert their right to freedom, but this must be met half-way by the West's sense of moral obligation, for mutual respect to flower.

"Business is business,"—this is the stock-in-trade answer and argument advanced by many a business man, whenever he is confronted with anything that is ethically tainted in his trade. What he forgets, however, is that in holding such a view, and acting upon it, he is but betraying himself inasmuch as he tells the whole world that he prefers silver to his soul. Sir C. D. Deshmukh, Governor of the Reserve Bank of India, therefore, reiterated rightly on the occasion of formally naming the Brihan Maharashtra College of Commerce at Poona, on November 11, 1944:—

> I do feel, however, that all those who are called upon to play any part in business, as in other fields of endeavour in India today, should undertake deep introspection in order to re-assess the values of life, to formulate new ideals of service, fight against greed, corruption, deceit and timidity, wherever they may be found, and try to be worthy of our own splendid spiritual heritage.

Yes, only when every activity of an individual or of a nation is conducted in the key of man's "splendid spiritual heritage," then shall humanity walk in the pathways of peace. This is the reason why every Teacher has insisted, over and again, on life's business—even the business of bread-earning—being ringed round with righteousness. In other words, "Service before self"—to borrow the motto of the Rotarians—should be the ideal of all, from kings to commoners.

The progressive State of Travancore has recently entered up yet one more credit entry in its balance-sheet of benevolent measures. Presiding at a public meeting held in the capital on November 12, 1944, to commemorate the epoch-making reform, initiated some years ago, of admitting the Hari-

jans into the temples, the enlightened Dewan, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, announced the abolition of "capital punishment for offences relating to person, as distinct from offences against the State."

Thus, at long last, that relic of barbarism, as one might characterise the heinous institution of capital punishment, has been erased from the statute book. We are glad that Cochin has followed the example of Travancore.

One more step in the direction of promoting cultural contacts and co-operation between countries has been taken lately by the Watumull Foundation of New York, U. S. A. The project provides financially, on the one hand for a number of leading educators in America to come out to Indian Universities "to lecture to them on American history, culture and civilization" and, on the other, for a group of Indian graduates to go to America for studying subjects "that will lead to social betterment and building of the nation," such as agriculture, sanitation, engineering. In all, ten scholarships, tenable for two years in the United States, and one travelling fellowship tenable for one year will be available.

Foundations like the above create true mutual understanding and help pave the way towards peace. We wish there were more of such facilities to enable the different countries to exchange ambassadors, actual and potential, of culture with one another.

Peoples of India by William H. Gilbert, Jr., is No 18 in the War Background Studies of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The author presents a vast variety of facts about India and implies some fictions. His objectivity could not be greater if he had written with a British censor at his elbow. That, perhaps, is more or less to be expected in the bulletin of a quasi-governmental body of an allied State. But he seems to look at us through the wrong end of the opera-glass, and something is wrong too with the perspective. Our scenery looms larger than the misery of our masses, our castes than our philosophies, our contribution to the war than our greatly vaster contribution to world culture.

The treatment of Hinduism achieves brevity at the cost of accuracy, making no distinction between the idealistic philosophy of the world's keenest metaphysical minds and the superstitions of the simple villagers. The modern literary renaissance and especially prose developments are ignored. A long paragraph on education, describing the numerous types of schools, ends with the casual mention that in 1931 12 per cent. approximately of the population could read and write. The omission of the word "only" before the figure is eloquent. So is the apparently innocuous and incontrovertible statement that "the Muslims were slower than the Hindus in taking advantage of the offering of European education," with its subtle implication that if the Indians are illiterate it is by choice! And our unbalanced diet is made almost as much of as the widespread poverty which makes any diet at all so crucial a problem for many.